

3 1761 06838748 9

PR
2411
C2
1530a

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Beauty and
Good Properties of Women
[otherwise
Calisto and Melibæa]

Date of the Earliest Known Edition, c. 1530

[Bodleian Library, Malone Collection]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Calisto and Melibæa

Widdiloch and others

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Beauty and
Good Properties of Women
[otherwise
Calisto and Melibæa]

Date of the Earliest Known Edition, c. 1530

[Bodleian Library, Malone Collection]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 12.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

**The Beauty and
Good Properties of Women**

[otherwise

Calisto and Melibæa

c. 1530]

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX



997.01
24/11/09



PR
2411
C2
153000

The Beauty and Good Properties of Women

[otherwise

Calisto and Melibæa]

The secondary title, "Calisto and Melibæa," was adopted by Hazlitt when first he reprinted this item in his edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays."

The only known copy of the original is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library.

The photographic negatives used in this reproduction were supplied by the Clarendon Press (see Introductions to "The Temptation of Our Lord" and "The Marriage of Wit and Science").

The whole of this reproduction is too strongly printed, from causes there alluded to. The background in each case ought not to be stronger than that of [A. v. verso] l. 5, verso, or B. i. verso (l. 7), which are good: with these may be contrasted A. iv. verso, which is "very bad." The blot on A. i. recto, bottom of page, is the result of a hole in the original which goes right through the play.

JOHN S. FARMER.

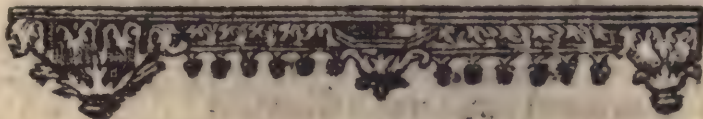
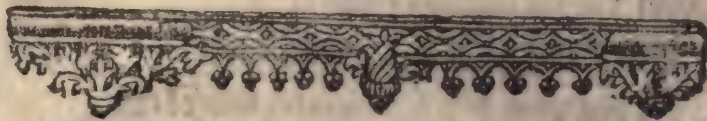
Dec 6 of Marshall, Watson's Hist. of D.

11 365.

This very rare piece was formerly in
Mr West's possession, and was
sold at the sale of his books in 1773
for £2.12.6.

It was probably printed about the
year 1530. B.M.

A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
of rethorik/wherein is shewd & byscrybd as
well the bewte & good properites of women/
as theyr bycys & euyl cōditiōs/with a morall
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bette w



Melebea

Franciscus petrarcus the poet la wreate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
Wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Eraslito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
Sayth in all thyng^s create stryff is theyr workyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equi valent
And accorpyng to theyr dictys rehercyd as thus
All thyng^s are create in maner of stry fe
These folysch louers then that be so amercous
fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyf e
Now sory now sad now Joyous now penlyfe
Alas I pore mayden than what shall I do
Lombryd by dotage of one Calisto
I know that natuze hath gyurn me bewte
with sanguynous compleccyon saour & fayrenes
The moze to god ought I to do fewte
with wyllyfe laud and loue of perfytynes
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes

Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
Hys desyre I defy & vtterly shall hate
O his saynges & lutes so importune
That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
O hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune
W sumlytude maner as one that shuld dy
But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
Shall I accōplysh hys carnall desyre
Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre
O f trowth I am sory for hys trouble
To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me
But though hys sorows I assure you shuld dole
Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte
What a mys woman now crist benedicite
Nay nay he shall neuer that day see
Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
I wyll he now that I were present here
I assure you shortly he wold seke me
And without dout he doth now inquire
Whether I am gone or where I shuld be
Se is he not now come I report me
A las of thys man I can nener be ryd
Wold to cryst I wyll where I myght be hyd

Calisto O By you feyre mechebe n ay be sene
The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
where i. C. In takyng effect of dāe natur^s streng^s
Nor yerthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
O god I myght in your presens be able
To manifest my dolours incōperable
O Greter were that reward than the grace
Heuyn to optayn by workys of pyte
Not so glorpyous be the saites that se goddes face
Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see
yet dyffereus there is bytwene theyn & me
For they gloryfy by his assuryd presens
And I in torment be cause of your absens
M O why thynkyst thou that so grete a reward
Ca ye more greter than yf god wold set me
In heuyn aboue all seyntes & more in regard
And thynk it a more hyper felcyste
M yet more gretter thy reward shalbe
yf thou fle fro the determynacyon
O f thy cōsent of mynd by such temptacion



I perseyue the entent of thy wordys all
As of the wyrt of hym that wold haue the vertew
Of me such a woman to be come thrall
Go thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuew
I haue foule skorn of the I tell the trew
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn
Any comunycacyon perteynyng to syn
And I promyse the where thou art present
Whyle I lyft by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et creat

Lo out of all ioy I am faliyn in wo
Vpon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
Of cruell hate whych causyth now a way to go
The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns
Alas alas now to me what noyauns

Sew gard my lord and god be in this place
Sempromio / S. ye syr. C. a syr I shrew thy face
Why hast thou bene from me so long absent

S For I haue bene about your bysynes
To ordey such thyng as were conuenient
your house and horse and all thyng was to dress

C Sempromio haue pyte on my dystres
For of all creatur I am the wofullest
How so what is the cause of your vnrest

C For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng
That is or euer was S. what is she

It is one which is all other excedyng
The picture of angell yf thou her see

Phibus or phebe no comparyson may be
To her. S. what hyght she / C. melebea is her name

S Mary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame

C I pray the sempromio goo fet me my lute
And bryng some chayre or stole with the
The arguiment of loue that I may dispute
whych scyens I fynd the arte without pyte
By the sempromio by the I pray the

Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done

C Then farewell cryst send the agayn sone

C What fortune is egall vnto myne

O what wofull wyght with me may compare

The thirst of sorow is my myryd wyne
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care

S Tush syr be mery let pas awei the mare
How sey you haue I not hyed me lyghtly

All.

Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery
C Why quoda/nay that wyll not be
 But I must nedys syt for very feblenes
 Gyue me my lute and thou shalt see
 How I shall syng myne unhappynes
 Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges
 Alas in tune how shuld I set it
 when all armony to me discordith yche whyt
C As he to whos wyll reson is unruly
 For I fele sharp nedyls within my brest
 Heas warr truth haterad and iniury
 Hope and suspect and all in one chest
S Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest
 Rome how he brent/old and yong wept
 Bnt she toke no thought noz neuer the less slept
C Gretter is my fyre and less pyte shewd me
S I wyll not mok this foule is a loue
C what sayst thou/S. I say how can that fyre be
 That tormentyth but one luyng man gretter
 Than that fyre that brēnyth a hole cyty here
 And all þ people thei. C. mary for þ fyre ys grettys
 That brēnyth verey soze and 'astyt' lengyst
C And gretter is the fyre that brēnyth one soule
 Than that whych brēnyth an hundzed bodyes
S Hys sayeng in this none can controull
C None but such as lyst to make lyes
 And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse
 I had leuez my spirete in brute best shuld be
 Than to go thydyr and than to the depte
S **C** Mary syr that is a spyce of hetyse
C why so/S. for ye speke lyke no crystyn man
 I wold thou knewyst melebea wo:thyp I
 In her I beleue and hez I loue/S. A ha than
 wyth the melebea is a grete woman
 I know on whych fote thou dost halt on
 I shall shortly hele the my lyff the:uppon
C An vncredable thyng thou dost promyse me
S Nay nay it is easy I nough to do
 Bnt furst for to hele a man knowlege must be
 Of the seknes than to gyff counsell the:to
C what counsell can rule hym sempromio
S That kepyth in hym kepyth no order of counsell
 A is this Calisto his fyre/nou I know well
C How that loue ouer hym hath cast hez net



In whose persequens is all inconstans
 why. is not Eliceas loue and thyn inet
 what than. C. why reprocuest me than of ignorans
 For thou settyst mannis dignite in obeylanus
 To the imperfeccon of the weke woman
 A womā may a god of goddesses. S. beleuyt þ thā
 Iye and as a goddes I here confesse
 And I beleue there is no such sufferayn
 In heuyn though she be in yerth. S. peas peas
 A woman a god nay to god a byllayn
 Of your sayeng ye may be sory. E. it is playn
 why so. C. because I loue her and thynk surely
 To obteyn my desyre I am vnworthy
 O ferfull hart why comparyst thou w Nembroth
 Or alexander of this world not lord onely
 But worthy to subdew heuyn as sayeng goth
 And thou reputyst thy self moze hye
 Then them both and dyspayryst so cowardly
 To wyn a woman of whom hath ben so many
 Gotten and vngotten neuer hard of any
 It is relatyed in the fest of seynt Jhon
 This is the woman of auneyoun malyce
 Of whom but of a woman was it long on
 That adam was expullyd from paradysse
 She put man to payn whomely dyd dyspyle
 Than syth adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce
 Am I gretter than adam my self to auance
 I say but of those men it were wysedome
 That ouercame them to seke remedy
 And not of those that they dyd ouercome
 Fle from theyre begynnyng esche to theyre foly
 Thou knowyst they do euyl thyng many
 They kepe no meane but rygout of intencion
 Be it sayre foule wyllfull without reason
 I kepe them neuer so close they wylbe she wyd
 Gysst tokyns of loue by many subtell ways
 Semyng to be shepe and serpent shrewd
 Craft in them renewyng that neuer decays
 Theyre sepyng sightyng prouokyn theyr plays
 What payn is to fulfyll theyre appetyt
 And to accomplysh theyre wanton delytis
 It is a wonder to se theyre dyssemblyng
 Theyre flatterynge countenannece theyr ingrattyude
 Inconstaunce fals witnese saynyd wepyng

There baryn glory and how they can delude
Theyre folywes theyre Jarglyng not melode
Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes therfore
Whychcraft & charyns to make men to theyre lore
Theyre enbaunyng & theyre vnshamefastnes
Theyre bawdry theyre suttelte & fresh attyryng
What trynyng what payntyng to make fayrnes
Theyre fals intent & flybberyng smylng
Therefore lo yt is an old sayeng

That women be the dyuell netty and hed of syn
And mannys mysery in paradyle byd begyn

C But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this
Warys ye weze a man of cleze wyt

Whom nature hath indewyd wth the best gyft
As betwte a gretnes of membres perfyte

Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this yche whyt
Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens
For to be able of lyberall expens

For wythout good wherof fortune is lady
A man can haue welth therfore by coniecture
yow shuld be belouyd of euery body

Calisto

But not of Helebea now I am sure
And thought thou hadst prayd me wout mesure
And comparyd me without comparison
yet she is aboue in euery condicion

Behold her noblenes her auncyon lynage

Her gret patrymony her excellent wyt

Her resplendent verteu hys portly corage

Her godly grace her sufferyn bewte perfyte

No tong is able well to expresse it

But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle

My self to restrely in reherlyng of my style

I begyn at her hert which is so goodly

Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lase

Farr shynyng beyond fyne gold of araby

Itzow the son coler to hyt may gyft place

That who to behold it myght haue the grace

wold say incomparisoun nothyng couteuaylys

Then is it not lyke here of alle sayles

Ca

What foule comparisoun this felow saylys

Her gar glasyng eyen so fayre and bryght

Her browes her nose in a meane no fallow saylys

Her mouth pper & feate her teeth small & whyght

Her lypis ruddy her body steyght vpryght

Her lttyll tetys to the eye is a pleasur
 O what Joy it is to se such a fygyre
 Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
 wyth rose colour enncwyd I the enlure
 Her lttyll hand in meane mane; this is no trow
 Her fyngers small & long w narys ruddy most puz
 Of proporcyon none such in putrayture
 without peze worthy to haue for fayrenes
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes
 C Sir haue ye all done .C. ye may what than
 I put to se all this ye haue sayd be trow
 yet are ye more noble syth ye be a man
 wherin. S. she is vnperfyte I wold ye know
 As all women be and of lesse valew
 Philosophers say the matter is lest worthy
 Than the foine / so is woman to man surely
 C I lo ue not to here this altercation
 Betwene melebea and me her louet
 D ossyble it is in euery condicyon
 To abbot her as mych as you do loue her
 In the wyynyng/begilyng is the daunget
 That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fire
 with what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
 C why wyth what eyen do I se now
 wyth dyne eyen whych sye to a lttyl thyng much
 But for ye shall not dyspayre I assure you
 No labour nor dyligens in me shall gruch
 So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such
 In all thyng possyble that ye can adquire
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre
 C God bryng that to passe so glad it is to me
 To here the thus though I hope not in thy doyng
 yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
 C God reward the for thy gentyll intendyng
 I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewar dyng
 S Sir god reward you & lend vs good sped
 I dout not but I shall perforce it in dede
 C But wythout reward it is hard to work well
 I am content so thou be not neglygent
 May be not you/for it passyth a meruell
 The master slow/the seruant to be dyligent
 how thynkyst it can be shew me thyne intent
 S Sir I haue a neyghbour a moder of bawdy
 That can prouoke the hard rokkys to lechery

S

S

C

C

D

C

C

S

C

S

C

S

C

S

C

S

In alle euyl dedes she is perfet wyse
 I trow moze than a **M**arygyns
 haue bene destroyed by her subtel deuyle
 for she neuer saylyth where she begynnys
 All onely by thys craft her lyfying she wyntis
 Mayde wyffys wydows and euerychone
 If she ones meddyl the skapyth none
Show myght I speke wyth her sempronio
 I shall byng her hyder vnto this place
 But ye must in any wyse let rewarde go
 And shew he your greups in eury case
Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace
 But alas sempronio thou tarrest to long
Syr god be with you. **C**ryst make the strong
The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
 As he gydyd the iii kyngs in to bedleme
 from the est by the starr and agayn dyd prouyde
 As theyre conduct to retorn to theyre own reame
 So speke my sempronio to quench the leme
 Of this fyre which my hart doth wast & spende
 And that I may com to my desyrd ende
To pas the tyme now wyll I walk
 Up and down within myne orchard
 And to my self go comyn and talke
 And pray that fortune to me be not hard
 Longyng to here wyether made o: made
 My messlage shall retourn by my seruannt sempronio
 Thus fare well my lordys for a whyle I wyll go
Now the blessing that our lady gaue her sone
 That same blessing I grue now to you all
 That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon
 I am sought and sendfore as a woman vntue: all
 Celestina of tze with my name is to call
 Sempronio for me about doth inqueze
 And it was told me I shuld haue found hym here
I am suze he wyll com hyther anone
 But the whylst I shall tell you a prety game
 I haue a wench of Sempronios a prety one
 That solomyth with me Elecca is her name
 But the last day we were both ny a stak shame
 For sempronio wold haue her to hym self scuezell
 And she louth one Crypto better or as well
Thys Crypto and Elecca sat dypnyng
 In my housand I also makyng meze

And as the deuyl wold fare from our thynkyng
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly
 But then wrought I my craft of bawdery
 I bad Crypto go vp and make hym self roine
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Elicea syt down a sowyng
 And I wyth my rok began for to spryn
 As who seyth of sempronio we had no knowyng
 He knockyd at the doze and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyd see see
 who kyllyth me Elicea and wyll not kys the
 ¶ Elicea for a countenaunce made he greuyd
 And wold not speke but styll dyd solwe
 why speke ye not quod sempronio be ye meuyd
 haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 I traytour quod she full well dost thou know
 where hast thou ben these. iiii. days fro me
 That the inpostume and euyl deth take the
 ¶ Please myne Elicea quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you yont self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for. iiii. days absens to say to me so
 In sayth me thyukyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for here begynneth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was within
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd Joimble
 who quod she a louer of myne/ may hap ye stomble
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ Well quod he I go/ nay thought I not so
 I sayd com sempronio let this foole alone
 For of thy long absens she is in such wo
 And half besyde her self and her wylt ny gone
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a frere
 ¶ What frere quod he wilt thou ned know qd I tha
 It is the f
 ¶ Quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To beze hym/ ye quod I though women per case

Beze heuy full oft yet they gall in no place
Then he laught/ye quod I no mo word of tjis
For this tyme to long we spend here amys

Intrat sempronio

S **C** Moder Celestine I pray god prosper the
C My son sempronio I am glad of our metyng
S And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me
Of trowth to seke you was myne hyther comyng
Mother ley a pette now all other thyng
And all only tend to me and Imagyn
In that that I purpose now to begyn
C Calisto in the loue of fayre melebea
C Burnyth wherfore of the he hath grette nebe
C Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no fether/for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon
For saluys for broke hed to make prouysyon
C And so intend I to do to Calisto
To gyff hym hope and assuze hym remedy
For long hope to the hart mych troble wyll do
Wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hve
S Deas for me thynkyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmeno

C Parmeno. P. what sey you. C. wottyst who is here
S Sempronio that reuyrth myn chere
P It is sempronio with that old berdyd hore
C Be ye they my maister so soze for doth long
C Deas I sey parmeno or go out of the doze
Comyst thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong
To wyn this woman ell godd forbod
She hath equall powet of my lyff vnder god
P Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow
C Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borrow
For as much she gloryfeth her in her name
To be callyd an old hore as ye wold of fame
Dogg in the strete and chyl dren at euery dore
Back and cry out ther goth an old hore
C How knowyst all this dost thou know her
P ye that _____ agone
For a fals hore the deuyl ouer throw get
My moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterke baud was ther neuer none
For that I know I dare well se
Let se the cōtrary who can le y
¶ I haue bene at her hows & sene her trynkett
For payntyng thyngs innumerable
Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gett
The thyngs that she hath with folks for to fable
And to all baudry euer agreable
yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
Not only a baud but a wych by her craft

Le

S

B

Ca

¶ Say what thou wilt son spare not me
I pray the permeneo lese thy malycious enu y
Hark hydr sempronio here is but we thre
In that I haue sayd canst thou deny
Com hens permeneo I loue not thys I
And good mother greue you not I you pray
My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
¶ O notable woman O auncyent vertew
O glorious hope of my desyrd intent
Thende of my delectable hope to rene w
My regeneration to this lyfe present
Resurreccion from deth / so excellent
Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
To kys thy handes wherein lyeth my reinedy
¶ But myne vnworthines makyth resystence
yet worship I the ground that thou gost on
Beseching the good woman with most reuerens
On my payn with thy pyte to loke vppon
without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
To rebyue my dede spryt thou mayst preferr me
with the wordes of thy mouth to make or mact me

Le

¶ Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete
wordes are but wynd therfore attons
Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
For money makyth mar chaunt that must Ict
I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
For w out money w me no thyng spedys

Ca

S

¶ What seyth she sempronio alas my hart bleds
That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
for she thynkyth that money all thyng fedys
Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
And tary here inoder a whyle I pray the
For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd

haue here my cloke tyll your dout be alloyd

S

Now do ye well for wede among corn
Nor suspicious wth frynd^s dyd neuer well
Or faythfulnes of word^s tornyd to a skorn
Makyth mynd^s doutfull good reason doth tell

Ca

S

P

Come on sempronio thou gyffst me good counsell
Go ye before & I shall wayt you vppon
Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
How sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke
In my maisters eyes y^e they do cast
The one hath his chayn the other his cloke
And I am sure they wyll haue all at last
Ensample may be by this y^e is past

Ce

How seruauntis be dissaytfull in theyr maisters foly
Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr bawdry

It pleaseth me parmeno that we to gedyr
May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
yet vnderferyd now thou comyst hydyr
wherof I care not but vertew warnyth me

To fle temptacyon & folow charyte
To do good agayns yll & so I rede the
Sempronio & I wyll helpe thy necessitye

And in tokyen now that it shall so be
I pray the among vs let vs haue a song

P

P

Ce

L

For where armony is ther is anyte
what a old woman syng / Ce. why not among
I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong

Go to when thou wilt I am redy
Shall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hye / a cantant
How sey ye now by this lytyll yong fole

For the thyrd parte sempronio we must get
After that thy maister shall come to skole

To syng the fourth parte y^e his purs shall swet
for I so craftely the song can set

Though thy maister be hors his purs shal syng de: e
And taught to solf that womans flesh is dere

How seyest to this thou praty parmeno
Thou knowyst not the world no: no delytis therein
Dost vnderstand me infeyth I tro no

Thou art yong inough the game to begyn
thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old poze

P

Ce

Thou shuldyst sey it lyeth not in me old hoze
A horeson a shame take such a knaue

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
Be cause such knolege of the I haue
why who art / p / pineno son to albert the old
I dwelt w the by the ryue? where wyne was sold
And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
That a wyld fyre bren the celestena
But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
Come hydyr thou lytyll fole let me see the
It is euen he by our blyssyd lady
what lytyll vechyn hast forgotyn me
whē thou layst at my bedd? fete how mezy weze we
A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded
How woldest thou pluk me vp to thy bedd? hed
And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely
And for thou sinellydyt oldly I ran from the
A shauellull hore son fy vppon the fy fy
Come hyther and now shortly I charge the
That all this folysh spekyng thou let be
Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
Folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
To who thy parēt? on whos soulis god haue mercy
In payn of cursyng had the be obeyent
In payn wherof I command the straitly
To much i masterly put not thyne intent
No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent
Maysters now adays coveyt to byng about
All for theym selfe let theyre seruantes go without
Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce
Faire word? shall not lak but smal reward? trust me
Make sempronio thy frynd in any wyse
For he can handle hym in the best gyse
Kepe thys & for thy profet tell it to none
But loke that sempronio and thou be one
Modir celestyne I wot not what ye meane
Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym
And as for ryches I desye it clene
For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym
Soner than he gat it / it wyll forsake hym
I loue to lyfe in payfull pouerte
And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste
Troth and honeste be ryches of the name
But surete of welch is to haue ryches
And after that for to get hym good fame

By report of frynd^r thys is truth doubtles
Than no such maner frynd can I exp^lse
As sempronyo for both your p^rfett^r to spede
whych lyeth in my hand^r now yf ye be agreyd
O p^rmeno what a lyfe may we endure

P

Sempronyo louyth the doughter of elyso
And who arusa / Ce. lykyst her / p / peraduenture
I shall get her to the that shall I do

P

Na moder celystyne I purpose not so
I man shuld be couerlant I here tell
wyth them that be yf & thynk to do well
Sempronyo hys ensample shall not make me
Better nor wors nor hys fault^r wyll I hyde
But moder celestyne a questyon to the
Is not syn a non in one espyed

Le

That is drownyd in delyte / how shuld he prouyde
Agayns vertew to saue hys honeste
Lyke a chyld w^o out wysdoine thou answeryst me
Without cōpany mirth can haue non estate
vle no slooth nature abhorryth idelnes
whych lelyth delyte to nature appropriate
In sensuall causys delyght is chefe maistres
Specyally recountyng louys bysynes
To say thus doth she the tyme thus they pas
And soch maner they vle and thus they kys & basse
And thus they mete & embrace to gyther
what spech what grale what pley is betwene theim
where is she there she goth let vs se whyther
Now pleasyd now froward now inuine now hem
Stryke vp mynstrel w^o saw^r of loue the old proble
Syng swete song^r now Just^r & torney
Of new inuencyons what conseyt^r fynd they
Now she goth to mas to morow she cōmyth owt
Behold her better yonder goth a cokold
I left her alone / she cōmyth / turn abowt
Lo thus p^rmeno thou mayst behold
frynd^r wyll talk to geder as I haue told
wher fore perseyue thou that I sey truly
Neuer can be delyte w^o out cōpany

Sic iterum intrat calisto

Ca

Moder as I promysed to assyle thy doubt
here I gyfe the an. C. p^resis of gold

Le

Syr I promyle you I shall bryng it about
All thyng to purpose eyn as ye wold

C
S
Ca

For your reward I wyll do as I shuld
Be mety fere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
Then in oder fare well be dylygent I pray the

S
Ca

How sayst sempronio haue I done well
ye syz in my mynd & most accordyng
Then wylt thou do after my counsell
After this old woman wylt thou be hyeng
To remember & hast hez in euery thyng
Syt I am content as ye cōmaund me
Then go & byd pineno come I pray the
How god be theyre gyddys the post of my lyfe
My relese fro deth the Ambassadi of my welch
My hope my hap my quyetnes my strete
My Joy my sorow my sekenes my helth
The hope of thys old woman my hart telch
That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
Or els come deth & make of me an end

P
Ca
P
Ca

In fayth it makyth no fozle nor matter mych
what seyst pineno what sayst to me
Mary I say playnly that yonder old wyche
And sempronio to geder wyll vndo the
I yll tongyd wrech wyll ye not see
Thynkyst thou lordern thou hād delyst me fayre
why knaue woldest thou put me now in dylpayre

Et exeat calisto

P

Lo syrs my master ye le is angry
But thys it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
Or warn theym for theyre welch it is but foly
For strepā theym on the hele and as moche wyt
Shall cō forth as at theyr forehede to pseyue it
Go thy way calesto for on my charge
Thy thyrft is sealyd bp though thou be at large
How unhappy I am to be trem
For other men wyn by falshed & flattery
I lese for my troth the world doth so ensew
Troth is put bak & takyn for foly
Therefore now I wyll chaunge my cōpy
If I had done as celystyne bad me
Calysto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
Thys grypeth me warnyng from hens for ward
How to dele w hym for all thyng as he wyll
I will the same forward or bakward
I will go streyght to hym and folow hym still
Say as he sayth be it good or yll

Bit

And syth these bawds get good prouokynge cheere
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdeye
hic creat paruum no et intret melebea

M I pray you caue this woman here neuer syn
In sayth to entre here I am half adrad
And yet why so/ I may boldly com in
I am sure how you all I shall not be had
But iesus iei us be these men so mad
On women as they sey/how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

Intret Celestina

C God be here i **M**. who is the? **C**. wyl ye bye any thyng
ye mary good moder I pray you come in
M Cryst saue you fayre mestres a godd be your speede
C And helth be to you a all your kyn

And mary godd^s mother that blessyd byrgyn
Preserue a prosper your womanly personage
And well to iniop your yough a pusell age
C For that tyme pleasyrs are most eschypyd
And age is the hospytall of all maner sykenes
The resting place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spoete of tyme past the ende of all quiknes

Reybour to deth a dry stok wythout swetnes
Discomforzte disease all age alowith

M I tye without say that small charge bo weth

C meruell moder ye speke so much yll
Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
C They desyre hurt for them self as all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come therby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly

He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be soryer

And he that is old wold lyff to be elder

C fayre damessell who can she w all the hurt of age

His werynes feblenes his discontentyng

His chylidishnes howardnes of his rage

wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and heryng

holownes of mouth fall of teth faynt of goyng

And woist of all posselld with pouerte

And the lymmys are styd with debylite

M Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not retorn to the begynnyng

C folys are they that are past theyre passage

To begyn agayn which be at the endyng

For better is possession than the desyryng

M
C

I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no
That ye desyre well I thynk not so
For as sone goth to market the lambyss sell
As the shyppe / none so old but may lyff a yere
And the? is none so yong but ye wot well
May dye in a day then no aduantage is here
Betwen youth & age þ matter is clere

M

wyth thy fablyng & thy resonyng I wys
I am begyld but I haue knowen the or thys
Act not celystyne þ dwellyd by the ryuer syde

C

ye for loth / **M** in dede age hath aray the
That thou art she now can skant be espyed
He thynketh by thy fauour thou shuldyst be she
Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
Faire maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
But bewte shall passe at þ last thys is truth

Cyet I am not so old as ye iuge me
Good moder I ioy much of thyne accoyntaunce
And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce
Fare well tyll a nother tyme þ hap may chaunce
Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr

C

May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
O angelyk ymage o ple so pryncous
How thou spekyt it reioylyth me to here
Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracyous
That agaynst the infernall feend luyse re
we shuld not only lyf by bred here
But by our good workys wher in I take some payn
yf ye know not my mynd now all is in heyn

M

Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite
And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy

C

My necessite nay god wot it is not for me
As for myne I laft it at home surely
To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry
And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
To by bred when I lyst & to haue .iiii. for wyne
Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
And w a tost in wyne by the fyre I could syt
W.ii. dosen soppe the collyk to quell
But now w me it is not so well
For I haue nothyng but that is brought me
In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

Thus I pray god help them that be neddy
 For I speke not for my self alone
 But as well for other how euer spede I
 The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone
 It is for a nother y I make mone
 And not for my self it is a nother way
 But what I must mone where I dare not say
Say what thou wilt & for whom thou lest
 now gracious damsell I thank you than
 That to gyf audyens ye be so prest
 W lyberall redynes to me old woman
 whi ch gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can
 Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekeneſ
 Remyttyng hys langour to your getyllnes
What incanyſt thou I pray the good mode?
 Go forth w thy demaund as thou haſt done
 On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
 And on the other syde to compaſſyon
 I know not how thy anſwere to faſſyon
 The wordes whych thou ſpekyst in my preſence
 Be ſo myſty/ I pleyue not thy ſentence
I ſayd I aſt one in daunge? of ſekeneſ
 Drawyng to deth for ought that I can ſe
 Now choſe you o? no to be murderers
 O? reuue hym w a word to come from the
 I am happy yf my word be of ſuch neceſſyte
 To help any cryſtyn man o? ells godd? forhod
 To do a good dede is lykynge to god
 For good dede to good men be a lo wable
 And ſpecyally to neddy aboue all other
 And euer to good dedys ye ſhall fynd me agreeable
 Truſtyng ye wyll exhort me to non other
 Therfor ſere not ſpek your peticio good mother
 For they that may hele ſekesfolk & do reſuſe theym
 Suertly of theyre deth they can not excuſe theym
Full well & graciously the caſe ye conſyder
 For I neuer beleuyd that god in hayn
 wold gyff you ſuch countenaunce & betwte to geddy
 But chaſtyte therwith to releue folke in payn
 And as god hath gyffyn you ſo gyff hym agayn
 For folk? be not made for them ſelf onely
 For then they ſhuld lyſt lyke beſt? all rudely
 Among whych beſt? yet ſome be pytefſul
 & be vnicozne humblyth hym ſelf to a mayd

And a dog in all his power yrefull
 Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd
 Thus by nature pyte is conueyd
 The kok when he skrapith & happith mete to fynd
 Callith for his hennē lo se the gentyll kynde
 Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
 Shuld not they to theyre neybourys shew charyte
 And specpally to them wrappyd in sekeneſe
 Than they that may hele theym cause þ̄ infirmyte
 Nother without delay for goddi take shew me
 I pray the hartly wrythout moze prayeng
 where is the patient that so is paynyng
 I saye dāsell thou maist well haue knowlege hereto
 That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
 And of dere lynage callyd Calisto
 whose lyfe & body is all in the 3 plyght
 The pellycan to shew naturys rygth
 Fedyth his byrdys mē thynkith I shuld not ch the
 Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the
 I ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
 Tell me no moze of this matter I charge the
 Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō
 Art thou come hyther thus to desseyue me
 Thou berdyd dame shameles thou seemest to be
 Is this he that hath the passiō of folishnes
 Thikyst thou rybaud I am such one of lewdnes
 It is not sayd I se well in bayn
 The tong of man & woman worst members be
 Thou brut baud thou gret enemy to honeste certayn
 Cause of secret errours Jhu Jhu bnedicite
 Sō good hodi take this old thefe fro me
 That thus wold me disseyue me w her fals sleight
 Go owt of my syght now/get the hens streight
 In an yuyl howre cam I hyther I may say
 I wold I had brokyn my legges twayn
 Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dyuyl way
 Bedyst thou yet to increase my payn
 Wylt thou make me of thys sole to be fayn
 To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
 And to my self deth to make me sory
 Wilt thou bere away profet for my perdition
 And make me le se the house of my fathe
 To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
 As thou art shamfullyst of all other

Thikist thou that I ſiderſtād not thou falls mother
 Thy hurtfull meſſage thy fals ſubtell ways
 Wake a mend^r to god thou lyſt to long days
 Ce **A**nſwere thou traytres how darſt be ſo bold
 The feze of the makyth me ſo dyſmayd
 That the blod of my body is almoſt cold
 Alas ſayre maydyn what haſt thou ſayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denyed
 Here my cōcluſion which ys of honeſte
 W^out cauſe ye blame thys gentylman & me
 M **I** ſey I wyll here no more of that ſole
 Was he not here w^{ith} me euyn now
 Thow old which thou bryngyſt me in grette dole
 I ſk him what anſwere he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayſt thou
 More ſhe wyng is but loſt where no mercy can be
 Thus I anſwerd hym & thus I anſwer the
 Ce **T**he more ſtraunge ſhe makyth the gladder am I
 Ther is no tempaſt that euert doth endure
 M **W**hat ſeyſt thou what ſeyſt thow ſhameful enmy
 Speke out. Ce. ſo ferd I am of your dyſpleaſure
 your anger is ſo grette I pleyue it ſure
 And your pacyens is in ſo gret an hete
 That ſo wo & feze I both wepe & ſwere
 M **L**yttyll is the hete in cōpariſon to ſay
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng
 Ce **S**ayre mayden yet one word now I you pray
 Appeaſe w^{ith} pacyens & here my ſayeng
 It is ſo a prayer meſtres my demaundyng
 That is ſayd ye haue of ſeynt appolyne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne
 And the gyrdle there thou weyſt about the
 So many holy relyk^s it hath towchyd
 That thys knyght thynkyth his bote thou maist be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a vouchid
 For my hart ſo fere / lyke a dog is couchyd
 The delygth of vengennis who ſo doth vſe
 Pyte at theye nede ſhall theym reſuſe
 C yf this be trew that thou ſeyſt to me now
 My nart is lyghenyd perſeyuyng the caſe
 I wold be content well yf I wyſt how
 To bryng this ſeke knyght vnto ſome ſolas
 Ce **S**ayre damſell to the be helth & grace
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
 ¶ By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
 With grace indewid in fredome as alexandre
 In strenght as hec tour in countenaunce mery
 Gracious / enuy in him reynynd neuer
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer
 Saw him arinyd he seineth a seynt george
 Rather than to be made in natur^e forge
 ¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auow
 The gentyll narciso was neuer so fayre
 That was inainoryd on his own shadow
 wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
 Let mercy be thy mother & thou her heyre
 This knyght whom I come for neuer sealyth
 But cryeth out of payn that styll encresyth
 ¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
 I thynk he be. xiiii. yeres of age
 I saw hym born & hoipe for to fold hym
 I demaund the not therof thyne answer alwage
 I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
 He hath leyn / Ce. of trewth fayr maydyn as he says
 He hath be in this agony this. viii. days
 ¶ But he semyth he had leyn this. viii. yere
 How it gruyth me the il of my pacient
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here
 Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
 Haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly
 ¶ And moder of these word^e passyd betwene vs
 Shew uothyng therof vnto this knyght
 Lest he wold report me cruell & furvous
 I trust the / now be trew for thought^e be lyght
 I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
 ¶ And to calisto wth this gyrdle celestina
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
 For gabriell to our lady wth auemaria
 Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
 Calisto how wilt thou now lye vp ryght
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon
 Comfort thy self the feld is half won
 ¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the

Le Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This knyght & I both thy bre folkis shall be
Moder yt nede be I wyll do more than thus
Le It shalbe nede full to do so / a ryghteous
For this thus be yon must nedis haue an ende
which neuer can be wout ye condescend
Me Well wrother to morow is a new day
I shall perfoyme that I haue you promest
Shew to this seke knyght in all that I may
Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest
And though he to me as yet be but a gell
If my word or dede his helth may support
I shall not fayle and thus byd him take comfort
Et exeat melebea.

Le Now cryst comfort þe & kepe the in thy nede
Now say you now is not this matter carped clene
Can not old celestina her matter spede
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
Now know ye by þe half tale what þe hole doth meane
These women at the fust be angry & furuous
Fayre wyther comyth after stormys tempestuous
And now to calisto I wyll me dres
which lyeth now languyschyng in grete payn
And shew hym that he is not remedyles
And beze hym this to make hym glad and sayn
And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn
That I am well worthy to beze the name
For to be callyd a noble arche dame
Danio pater melebee.

O meruelous god what a dreame had I to nyght
Most terryble byson to report and here
I had neuer none such nor none yerthely myght
Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feyre
It was of melebea my doughter deyre
God send me good tythyng of her shortly
For tyll I heze from her I can not be mery

M O deyre father nothyng may me moze displease
Nothyng may do me moze amoyans
Nothyng may do me gretter discaise
Than to se you father in any perturbans
For me chesly or for any other chauns
But for me I pray you not to be sad
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad

Da O swete melebea my doughter deyre
I am replete with Joy and selcrite

For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From deeth to lyfe me thynkyth it reuyuyth us
 For the ferefull dreime þ I had lately
What dreime syr was that I pray you hertely
Towtles me though þ I was walkyng
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two
 The one was a hote bath hollesome & pleasynge
 To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To walsh them & dens them from sekenes also
 The other a pyt of foule synkyng water
 Shortely they dyed all that therin did enter
And vnto this holesome bath me thought þ ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apase
 But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych aprikerd cur it was
 Whych strakyng her body along on the gras
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she
 Made her selfe a fayre spaniell to be
Thys bych then me thought met you in the way
 Leppynge & fawnyng vppon you a pase
 And rownd a bowt you dyd renne & play
 Whych made you then dysport & solas
 Whych lykkyd you so well þ in short space
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt
And euer ye lokyd continually
 vppon that same bych & somoch her eyed
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynke sodeynly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dystroyed
 Whych when I saw anon than I cryed
 Sterryng in my slepe & therw dyd awake
 That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake
It was not this a ferefull dreime & mezelous
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
Sic mektea certo tchyore nō soquit sed uultu samentabli respicit
 why speke ye not why be ye now so studious
 Is there any thyng þ hath chauncyd you amys
I am your father tell me what it is
Alas now your dreime whych ye haue expellyd
Hath made me all penyfe & sore aballyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
Sir I know the canse of your vision
 And what your dreedefull dreime doth signyfy
 Ther of wold I sayn now haue noticion

M Alas dere fader alas what haue I done
Offendyd god as a wretch vnworthy
D wherin/dyl payre not god is full of mercy

Et genuflectat

C Than on my knees now I fall downe
And of god chesely askyng forgyfnes
And next of you for in to obliuion
I haue put your doctryne & lessons doubtles

D feze not doughter? I am not merziles
I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
But that ryght well it may be amendyd

M Ye haue fosterid me by full louyngly
In vertuous disciplyne whych is the ryght path
To all grace & vertew whych doth spynnyfe
By your dreime þ fayre pleasaunt holes ome bath
The foule pyt whereof ye dreinyd which hath
Destroyd so many betokeneth dysle & syn
In whych alas I had almost fallyn In

C The priuetyd curt & the foule bych
whych made her self so smoth & fayre to see
Betokenyth an old quene a baudy wyche
Callyd celystyne that wo myght she be
whych w her fayre wordes ay so pswadyd me
That she had almost brought me here vnto
To fulfyll the foule lust of calistoy

D Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson
whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew
That was every moornyng to say an orason
Prayeng god for grace all byre to eschew
M Dere fader that lesson I haue kept trew
whych preseruyd me/for though I dyd cōsēt
In mynd/yet had he neuer hys intent

D The vertew of that praye? I se well on thing
Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that sin
But because ye were somewhat cōsentyng
ye haue offendid god gretly therin
wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
humbly to belech god of hys mercy
for to forgyue you your syn & mysery

M O blyssid lord & fader celestiall
whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
Though I be a sinner wretch of wretchis all
yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes
Full sore I repent my syn I cōfesse

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
Now humbly I beseech thy mercy therefore
Now þis well layd myne one fayre doughter
Stand vp therfore: or I know verely
That god is good & mercifull euer
To all synners whych wyll ask mercy
And be repentaunt & in wyll clerely
To syn no more: he of hys grete goodnes
Wyll graunt them therfore his grace & forgifnes
No here ye may see what a thyng it is
To bryng vp yong people vertuously
In good custome: for grace both neuer mys
To them that vse good prayers dayly
Whych hath preseruyd thys mayde vndoutydly
And kept her f. o. actuall dede of shame
Brought her to grace preseruyd her good name
Wherfore ye byrgyns & fayre maydens all
Unto this example now take good hede
Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
To honeste & goodnes no dout procede
And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
To withstand all euyl temptacions
That shall come to you by any occasions
And ye faders modeys & other whiche be
Rulers of yong folke your charge is do wtles
To bryng them vp vertuously & to see
Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
Not in idell pastyme or vnthryftynes
But to teche them some art craft or lernyng
Whereby to be able to get theyr lyfvyng
The bryngers vp of youth in this region
Haue done gret harme because of theyr nedlygēs
Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacyons
So when they haue no craft nor sciens
And com to mans state ye see theyr pience
That many of them compellyd be
To beg or stele by very necessite
But yf there be therfore any remedy
The hedys & rulers must furst be dylygent
To make good lawes & execute them straitely
Uppon such maystres that be nedlygent
Alas we make no lawes but ponyshment
When men haue offendyd: but lawes euer more
wold be made to preuent the cause before

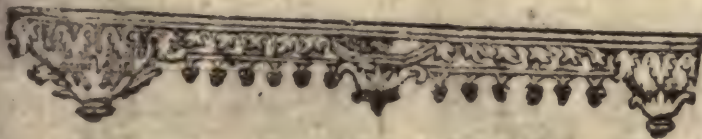
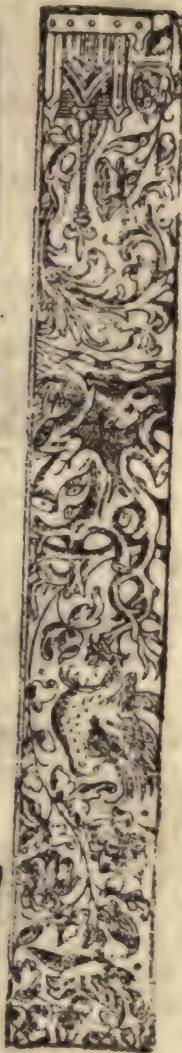
Yet the cause of the myscheff^e were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good laws & ordynauncys made therfore
 to put a way the cause / y^e were best remedi
 what is the cause that ther be so many
 Theft^e & robberies / it is be cause we be
 Druen therto by neede & pouerte
 And what is the berey cause of that neede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbrynging
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
 But the world cōrynuall^y shalbe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
 Wherefore the et ernall god that raynyth on hye
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to vertue & de^v obedyens
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be partakers of hys blessyd glory.

Amen.

Joh^es rasset me impetunt feris

Cum privilegio regali





Johannes · Rastell 2

PR
2411
C2
1530a

Calisto and Melebea
The beauty and good
properties of women

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
